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[NUMB. 396.]

THE VILLAGE CURATE.

[Continued from our last.]

WITH the assistance of his communicative landlord, he was become acquainted with every transaction that had occurred in the village for at least twenty years back; and from this source he had the painful information of innumerable abuses which his faithless steward had committed on his industrious tenantry; all which he was determined speedily to redress, and to punish with severity their ungrateful author. On this subject were his thoughts employed in one of his evening walks, when he was roused from his meditations by the sudden exclamation of a female voice; and, raising his eyes, beheld on the opposite side of the hedge, the fair object of his affections endeavoring to avoid the importunities of a gentleman who was pursuing her.

"Stay, lovely Charlotte!" said the stranger.

"Why, my fair enslaver, do you fly me thus?"

"Why, Sir," returned the affrighted girl, "are you so importunate?"

"Because," answered he, "I wish to remove the cloud of sorrow that hangs on your brow. In short, because I love you. Who could behold beauty such as yours, and live a stranger to affection?"

"Affection!" returned the lovely girl, while the glow of honest indignation increased the vermilion of her cheeks; "view your recent conduct to my father, then say if affection bore a leading feature there?"

"On honorable terms," said he, "I fought your hand, which you in scorn refused. Had then your father laid on his commands, and forced you to be mine, he had escaped my just resentment."

"My choice was free, Sir," said the indignant maid; "and perhaps it was my nature's fault, I could not love you. But excuse my abruptness," added she, withdrawing from her persecutor; "should we be seen thus discoursing, the discovery would not add to my reputation."

"This contempt, child, is very pretty!" said the unfeeling monster; "but it shall not divert me from tasting the ripe beauties of those matchless charms." Then, rudely snatching the struggling beauty to his loathed embrace, impressed on her lovely lips the guilty purpose of his passion. At that instant, rage and indignation fired the soul of Trueman; who, darting through the hedge, seized the rude ravisher by the throat, and hurled him to the ground. "Detested monster!" cried the enraged youth, "I know thee well! Thou art the faithless steward of the misused Belfont. Already has thy fame reached thy master's ears: nor think, vile ingrate, that he will suffer thy villainies to escape with impunity." Then taking the almost fainting Charlotte by the hand, he hastened from this fallen Lucifer; leaving him to the torment of his guilty thoughts, and in utter astonishment at the mysterious words.

The fluttered spirits of the amiable Charlotte hardly supported her from the presence of her

bale assailant, before she sunk lifeless into the arms of her deliverer; who, urged by fear, placed her on a bank, and ran for water to a neighboring rivulet, and besprinkled her features with the cooling drops. Soon, to his wishes, she unclosed her lovely eyes; and, fanned by the gentle breezes, recovered from this state of transitory death.

"You tremble still, my Charlotte," said the enamoured youth; "and by your disordered looks seem to doubt your safety."

"O no!" faintly answered the grateful fair; "where Trueman is, suspicion has no dwelling."

"Enchanting sweetness!" exclaimed the enraptured lover, catching her hand and carrying it to his lips. "Oh! my lovely Charlotte, never till this hour of danger did I know how dear an interest in my heart you held. Would my sweet girl but kindly listen to my artless tale, would she but give my ardent passion one approving smile——"

"Alas!" interrupted Charlotte, rising from her seat, "I have no smiles to give. On any other subject, I will hear you: but, till again my father breathes the air of freedom, till from the chains of bondage he is freed, I have fore-sworn all joy."

"Till that blest period," said Trueman, "when Fortune shall cease to persecute thy venerable sire, and give the captive to his weeping friends, my passion in Concealment's painful bosom shall dwell immured, if then thou wilt give my artless tale attention! This only do I ask: grant me but this; and Hope, like a fond parent, shall nurture my love, and lull to rest each intrusive care."

"Then, by my hopes of bliss hereafter," said the lovely maid, "I vow, when that happy hour arrives, I will not chide thy fondness. But tell me, if you know, what means this sudden joy that through the village reigns? How sweetly found the merry bells; while every breeze from yon shouting throng wafts the breath of pleasure."

"And see," said Trueman, "where to my Charlotte's cottage they bend their steps! It is, methinks, no vulgar cause that swells this loud acclaim!—But, see! your brother comes, the harbinger of happiness!"

"Oh, Charlotte!" said Henry, as he drew near them, "our dear father is come home again. Farmer Welford brought the news that he was on the road; and the whole village went to meet him. They took the horses from the chaise, and dragged him to our cottage. My mother cries for joy, and sent me to seek after you. Make haste, my dear sister, my father longs to see you.—And do you, Mr. Trueman, come too; my mother has told him what a kind friend you have been. I will run back, and say you are coming."

"Now, now, my Charlotte," said Trueman, "indulge this flood of joy, nor check the soft emotions of the soul. These tears become thee; which, like the fleeting shower that bathes the

summer's day, give fresh laurels to the charms of nature."

"Is that which I have heard derived from truth?" asked the astonished Charlotte; "or is it but the dream of fancy? My father released from prison! By whom?"

"Why," said Trueman, "should you question whence the gracious bounty came! It is sufficient that he is returned. Think, my dear Charlotte, the measure of his bliss incomplete, till in his paternal embrace he folds thy lovely form. Hasten, then, to increase and share his merited happiness." Then folding her arm in his, he hurried towards her dwelling.

Mr. Benley, at the moment of their approach, was seated at the door of the cottage, surrounded by many of his parishioners; when Charlotte, breaking from Trueman, rushed into her father's arms, exclaiming—"My dear, dear father!" The enraptured parent mingled the tears of fond affection with those of filial gratitude; and every countenance beamed with smiles of joy. Nor was the welcome of the worthy Trueman wanting in cordiality: but, when the lovely Charlotte related her rescue from the hated Sandford, the murmur of applause fell from every tongue, while the grateful father strained the gallant stranger to his heart by the endearing name of son.

The return of the worthy pastor to his mourning flock, was celebrated by the inhabitants of the parish as a sort of jubilee. Every one strove to excel his neighbor in acts of courtesy. Stores of viands were conveyed from all parts of the village; and while, by the pale light of the moon, sprightly youth led up the merry dance, cheerful age sat and quaffed the nut brown ale, talked over the feats of former days, and in thought grew young again.

Charlotte, the lovely Charlotte, no more a prey to grief, no more the victim of despair, listened to the impassioned breath of love. The gallant Trueman forgot not to claim nor did the blushing maid refuse, the promise she had made; and, before the hour of parting came, her tongue confirmed the passion which her eyes revealed.

Every transaction that had occurred since Lord Belfont's arrival in the village, he had transmitted to his friend Bremere; and, on confirmation of the oppression which his steward had exercised upon his tenants, inclosed the discharge of that unfeeling wretch; with an order to deliver his accounts to Mr. Benley, whom he appointed his successor. A letter, announcing to this gentleman his appointment, also accompanied the packet; which Bremere duly forwarded from London, in the manner his friend had directed. By this time Bremere, on the permission of Belfont, who now intended to resume his real name and character, had refuted the opinion which had been entertained of the derangement of his lordship's finances. The whole was declared to be a feint; and no one was more affected at this unexpected discovery than Lady Caroline Blandish, the former object of Belfont's regard.

[To be continued.]

ESSAY ON A PINCUSHION.

Women's love is like the Syrian flower,
That buds, and spreads, and withers in an hour.

"**T**RULY man at his best estate is but vanity." Whether he be exalted amid the pomp and splendor of a court, or whether he be buried in the obscurity of a cottage or a cell, he is alike the subject of misery—he is alike the subject of misfortunes.—Man is a perpetual slave; the first of his existence is confinement. He is next under the power of an usurping nurse; then subject to the rigorous, and the breechen rod of a despotic teacher. Again, submits to the bondage of seven revolving years, in order to acquire some degree of knowledge in an art or profession. Anon involuntarily becomes a member of society, a subject of that government under which he lives. Then falls a victim to, then is enslaved, by the attracting charms of some bewitching female. And last of all, bends under the iron hand of age, falls beneath the universal monarch, and becomes a prey to consuming time. Thus are his days, from the cradle to the grave, one perpetual scene of slavery and oppression. Man never thinks himself more free than when he is the most enslaved. To sit under the ruling smiles of a female despot, to be subject to her wanton caprice, and to be teased and tormented at her pleasure, both wounds and heals his tender bosom, and is attended with sensations at the same time painful and pleasing; and, like the lamb, he licks the hand just rear'd to shed his blood."

Surely man is a pincushion.——See him at first wrought with greater curiosity, and much more secrecy, than the miraculous formation of the tender silken thread. He is at first as uncultivated and as useless as the rough production of the worm, or the raw silk. He goes through the hands of more artists than this: the nurse, the tender mother, the tutor, the master, and is finally completed by the finishing stroke of the hand of a mistress. Thus he proceeds through every stage of reformation, till at last he receives the finishing polish from the able hand of a connoisseur. Man like the silk, with all his admirable qualities and accomplishments, with all his beauty and perfection, is still ill adapted for the purpose for which he was designed. He must, like other pincushions, (whether in the form of an heart, an oval, or an oblong square,) be formed by the ingenuity, and fashioned by the judgment of some skillful female. How great an analogy is between man and a pincushion! The one fed with grain, the other fed with the husks of it. As the bran is pressed into the pincushion by the slender fingers of the designing female: so are new principles, new ideas, and new affections, diffused into the mind, and inculcated in the breast, by the powerful and irresistible charms of the usurping maid.

There is a something in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find,
That by a secret, but a powerful art
Winds up the spring of life, and does impart,
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.

Thus formed to her mind, and moulded to her satisfaction, he is fit for use. Now in order to be more conveniently used, a pincushion must be "tied to the apron string." So is man, as it were tacked to the apron string; or, in more express terms, subject to the tormenting disposition, to the dread caprice, and to the wanton pleasure, of some deluding female.

Tho' she seems of him fond, does his safety provide,
And when she walks out, takes him close by her side;
Yet she oft treats him ill, which he takes in good part,
Nor e'er murmurs or sighs tho' he's stab'd to the heart.
Thus he is teased, thus his tender heart is pierced, whether it be by the sharp point of a pin, or which is still more acute, that of a needle, till by a too long succession of incisions, the covering, i. e. his patience is worn thread bare, and is no longer able to contain those generous sentiments, and that tender affection, which are marks of sincerity. Thus he is reduced to his pristine state, and is condemned to the consuming flames of some heated passion, or at least swept away with the bolom of forgetfulness.

T. OV-R-T-N.

M A X I M.

THE fidelity of most men is one of the arts of self-love, to procure confidence. It is the means to raise us above others, by making us the depositaries of momentous concerns.

LLEWIN'S FATE; OR, THE SHADE OF HOEL.

A LEGENDARY TALE.—BY MR. HARRISON.

THREE thund'ring as the massy gate,
Pale Llewin hearts the hall resound;
He sees advance, in martial state,
What Valour's self might well confound.

Appalling blasts loud clarions blow,
Grim spectres croud along the walls:
Each shadowy spear points out the foe,
Each thirsty spear for vengeance calls.

"How, Llewin, may thy blood atone,
Might for each drop a sea be spilt;
The virtue by thy vice undone,
The innocence that mourns thy guilt!"

"Accursed be the evil hour,
That gave thy fiend-like form to earth;
And, ah! accurs'd thy hellish pow'r,
So long to prey on heav'nly worth.

"'Tis past!—To thy confusion know,
The panders of thy horrid lust,
Those bloody messengers of woe,
Now bite, in agony, the dust.

"Tho' through thy parching system burn,
The fever of unquench'd desire;
Ne'er shall those hell hounds back return,
To check the agonizing fire.

"No virgin, to thy loathed arms,
Shall they by fraud or force convey;
No more, on striking virtue's charms,
Shalt thou, detested harpy, prey!"

"By thy curs'd blade was Hoel slain,
Thou midnight murder'er, while he slept,
And thy curs'd arts could Morva gain,
Tho' many a tear of blood she wept.

"Soon, with our babes, thy coward hand,
Dismiss'd her to a timeless grave;
For which, see me, their champion stand,
The Shade of Hoel, once deem'd brave.

"Ah! hope not on my fair domain,
Usurper fool, in peace to dwell;
Tainting these inoffensive plains,
With ev'ry guiltiness of hell.

"My castle, long fair Hoel's seat,
The heritage of valiant men;
Sunk to a dastard's base retreat,
A more than savage monster's den!"

"Tho' heav'nly justice oft be slow,
And heav'nly mercy much endure;
Ne'er shall the murder'ers scape it's blow,
For heav'nly justice still is sure."

Thus Llewin heard, or thought he heard;
And thus he saw, or seem'd to see:
To look, to speak, alike he fear'd;
Nor durst he stay, nor could he flee.

Blue burns the taper's dying flame,
And oft th' exhausted snuff it quits;
As ling'ring life, the human frame,
Now leaves, and now revives, by fits.

The spear advanc'd; but, as it mov'd,
Still shrunk the recreant coward's breath:
And ere his breast it's keenness prov'd,
Was Llewin stiffen'd into death!

EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S MILTON,

WITH virtue, strong as your's, had Eve been arm'd.
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd;
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought—
Nor had frail Adam fell—or Milton wrote.

CHARACTER OF AN OLD RAKE.

SCORN'D by the wife, detested by the good,
Nor understanding aught, nor understood;
Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and a pest;
Proud, without spirit; vain, without desert;
Affecting passions vice has long subdu'd;
Desperately gay—and impotently lewd;
And as thy weak companions round thee sit,
For eminence in folly deem'd a wit.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MISFORTUNES real or fancied still the same,
With equal violence triumph o'er the mind;
With equal haste corrode the human frame
In chains of MADNESS equal numbers bind.

In FANCY'S EMPIRE an unhappy slave;
To unreal sorrows a continual prey;
I almost dare to blame the God, who gave
This wretched BEING to behold the day.

But should I thus complain, or e'er allow
A thought so imp'ous to assail my breast?
Should I not rather all submissive bow,
And hail AFFLICTION e'er a welcome guest?

ADVERSITY'S the school where WISDOM'S taught,
And best refin'd the FEELINGS of the HEART:
With SORROW'S coin is THAT Experience bought,
Which prosperous Fortune never can impart.

Contented then I'll bear my share of Woe;
Nor e'er behold another with envy:
If more than others' pain, I've pleasures too,
Which far surpass perhaps what they enjoy.

And teach me, gracious God, thou great First Cause,
Of all we mortals here below call Fate!
Teach me to know the justice of thy laws,
And own my Maker's wisdom in my state.

January 7.

PHILEMON.

CURIOUS EXTRACTS

FROM EMINENT AUTHORS, RELATIVE TO LAWS AND LAWYERS.

WHEN Demosthenes was engaged in the defence of a certain citizen of Athens, who was brought to trial upon a charge of a capital nature, neither the importance of the cause, nor the eloquence of the pleader, could fix the attention of the judges, who were sitting on the trial. The orator, observing this levity, on a sudden stopped short in the midst of his harangue; and, addressing himself to the Court—"Listen to me," he cried, "ye venerable judges, for a few moments, and I will tell you a merry tale.

"A certain young man, having occasion to take a journey from this city of ours to Megara, hired an ass for the job; but being extremely incommoded on the way by a scorching sun, which smote him with intolerable heat at noon, he dismounted from his beast, and made free to take post under the shade of his carcase. On this, the ass owner, who accompanied him, remonstrated with great vehemence, contending that his ass was let for the journey simply and precisely, and that the service now required of him was extra-conditional and illegal. The traveller with equal vehemence maintained, that he was warranted in the use he made of him; and that, having hired the ass and substance, he was entitled to the benefit of his shadow into the bargain. The question was open to controversy, and the parties went to trial upon the case."

"Here Demosthenes ceased; and, taking up his brief, prepared to leave the court. The judges seeing this, called out to him to return and go on with his pleading.

"For shame, ye men of Athens!" cried the indignant orator; "ye can lend your ears to the story of an ass, but will not bestow your attention on a trial that involved the life or death of a fellow citizen!"

CUMBERLAND.

A FINE and slender net the spider weaves,
Which little and light animals receives;
And if she catch a common bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmur die;
But if a wasp or hornet the entrap,
They tear her cords, like Sampson, and escape:
So, like a fly, the poor offender dies;
But, like the wasp, the rich escapes and flies.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

LAWS are generally found to be nets of such a texture, as the little creep through, the great break through, and the middle-sized are alone entangled in. SHENSTONE.

I HAVE known some attorneys of reputable families, and whose original dispositions seemed to have been open and humane; yet, can I scarce recollect one, in whom the gentleman, the christian, and even the man, was not swallowed up in the lawyer. They are not only the greatest tyrants, but the greatest pedants of all mankind.

SHENSTONE.

SATURDAY, January 30, 1796.

IN Saturday's paper was inserted the extract of a letter from Gibraltar, announcing that a treaty between Spain and the United States, was signed at Madrid, on the 27th of October last.

The principal object of the treaty was, as we learn, to obtain the free navigation of the Mississippi, and as the treaty is made, there is the strongest reason to believe that America has obtained that consumation so devoutly to be wished.

In a late paper it was stated, on good grounds, that the emigrations to Kentucky during last year, amounted to not less than about forty thousand people. If this navigation is laid open, the numbers will increase with rapidity.

The net revenue of the Post Office for the last year amounted to upwards of 40,000 dollars.

The legislature of Pennsylvania have granted the sum of 1500 dollars for the relief of distressed French emigrants. We trust the legislature of New-York, if any persons of the same description are among us, will cheerfully contribute to the same humane purpose.

The ship Leeds Packet, bound from this port to Belfast, after being out four days, was bro't too and detained by the British ships Resolution and Cleopatra—they took out the boatwain, and dismissed her—the boatwain has since been put on board one of the pilot boats, and brought up to town.

Extract of a letter from a merchant of Havre, dated No. 7, to his friend in Philadelphia, received by way of New-port.

"Our new constitution is in full activity, as also the two legislative councils and the executive directory. Our countryman Reubell is the first President of the Directory.

"The Royalists who, since Robespierre's fall had taken up the masks of Republicans, in order the easier to effect the ruin of the Republic, have given a terrible instance of their pretended love for order, humanity, and justice; let out of their prisons after the 27th of July as innocent victims of the tyranny of the decimvers, they made no other use of their liberty than to prove their guilt by attempting to assassinate their benefactors and enslave their country, but the reign of hypocrisy and intrigue is overthrown; the present government without being arbitrary promises to become vigorous and terrible to the enemies of the Republic as that of 1794. Protection to the innocent, pardon to the deluded, and inexorable severity against the conspirators and abettors of despotism, this is what every republican wishes for, the friends of Kings alone claim indulgence, because they are afraid of justice.

"The republican armies are about to be reorganized, as they were in 1794. in those days when victory invariably attended the defenders of the Republic. The generals and officers who had made the glorious campaign in Belgium and Holland, and were afterwards dismissed as terrorists, have already set out to join their respective corps, and the intriguers who have been placed in the army in order to disorganize them, are driven away in their turn as unworthy to serve the Republic."

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Cadiz, dated October 13, to his friend in Boston.

"Your heart would daily gladden at the sight of 3, 4, and 5 sail of English vessels with their colours REVERSED, prizes to the French, coming in here, and last night we beheld a glorious fight indeed, a French 20 towing in an English 74, and followed by about seventy sail of English merchantmen. The French have taken nearly the whole Mediterranean fleet, and their convoy, consisting of about sixty merchantmen, one 74 and two frigates, all which are now coming here—Ca Ira."

Extract of a letter from Jamaica, dated Kingston, 26th December, 1795.

"We have the satisfaction of acquainting you, that tranquility is again restored to this island, after various severe actions between the Whites and the Maroons, in which a good many lives lost on both sides; the latter thought proper to beg for quarters, which was granted upon promise of asking pardon upon their knees, of his majesty, and delivering up all runaway negroes, all their arms, ammunition, &c."

BOSTON, January 18.

LOSS OF THE SHIP INDUSTRY.

Particulars of the unfortunate ship Industry; she sailed from Portsmouth (England) 4th of November last, in

ballast for Boston, and was wrecked and was wrecked on Cape-Ann, 11th instant.—She was navigated by the following crew, viz.

MILES BARNES, Master.

Edward Gibly, and Thomas S. Perrot, first and second Mates.

Levy Gardner, Nathaniel Tucker, Jeremiah Sawyer, James Harwell, Uriah Champlin, and Charles Wickett, Seamen.

James Pitman, cabin boy, and Battis Lareon, cook.

In the storm of Monday evening last, the said ship, the property of Mr. Thomas Lewis, of Boston, was wrecked on Salt Island, on the N. E. part of Cape-Ann, and every life lost.

The bodies of the Captain, Mate, and three of the hands, have since been found, and were on Thursday last interred, with that sympathy and affection which is the true characteristic of the humane and benevolent. They were carried into the meeting house of the first parish in Gloucester, where a suitable anthem was performed, after which the Rev. Eli Forbes delivered a pertinent and affecting address, and closed with a solemn and pathetic prayer to that Almighty disposer of events, whose fiat is irrevocable and right. Their remains were then conveyed to their gloomy recess, in the following order:

The Captain and Mate, supported by twelve respectable masters of vessels, and the remaining corpse of the unfortunate crew, by their sympathizing brethren in the profession.

The vessels in the harbour with their flags half mast high, together with a threatening appearance of a similar storm to that which doomed to eternity the unfortunate victims, heightened the distress of this afflicting scene

EXTRACT OF A LETTER.

St. Pierre's (Martinique) Dec. 17.

The Patriots to the number of a hundred and odd affected a descent on the east part of this island, in the vicinity of Mount Vauclin, about 20 miles east of Fort Royal. The post in the borough did not observe the enemy's approach and fell back as soon as the Republicans came in sight of the place. This event caused much alarm in all parts of the island. The inhabitants of the invaded parish assembled immediately, and being soon after joined by 30 soldiers sent from Marin, they marched against the enemy, who were already master of the borough, and protected by entrenchments and artillery which they had brought with them. Our people being ignorant of this where repulsed with considerable loss, 15 of them were killed or badly wounded in the attack; among the latter is Lord Daloufic, the commander of the expedition.

In consequence of this check the assailants thought it prudent to fall back to the habitation of the Chevalier de Perpigna, and waited there for a reinforcement of troops, which arrived on the 3th.

In the night between the 7th and 8th, the Patriots burnt two buildings and an edifice belonging to M. Desabayes. This was thought to be the signal agreed upon by the disembarked Patriots and those inhabiting the island.

As soon as our forces were sufficiently strong, they began to surround the borough, and prepared themselves to bombard the place with the artillery which was sent from La Trinitie. The Patriots finding it impossible to escape if they should continue any longer in the borough, resolved to evacuate it, which was effected in the night from the 8th to the 9th, under favor of very dismal weather. They went to the habitation of Moquet-Fordi at the foot of Mount Vauclin.

On the 9th, in the morning, an old negro woman informed the besieging army, that the Patriots had left the borough. The militia, and M. Guze-Soter's troops was then sent in pursuit of the enemy, whom they met, attacked, and defeated, giving no quarter, even to those who threw down their arms. Syme escaped but they were soon overtaken and treated like the others. Almost all the Patriots who had disembarked were negroes and people of colour. Both, it is said, were killed.

The papers which were found with the Patriots, give the key to a horrid plot, and contain instructions, which make one shudder. It would seem that some inhabitants are concerned in the plot; at least it is a fact that M. Chappelle, his negro woman and bastards, have been arrested, though he had behaved well at the attack of Mount Vauclin.

The patriots have left many muskets, regimentals, and national cackades which were to be distributed among the negroes they expected would raise. But happily none of them stirred, on the contrary they proved eager to do every thing that our army commanded.

Court of Hymen.

MARRIED

On Saturday evening the 26th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. JOHN RANDIKER, to Miss MARIA HILLIKER, both of this city.

The same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. ISAAC DREAMER, to Miss HETTY HILLIKER, both of this city.

On Thursday evening the 31st ult. at Staten-Island, by the Rev. Mr. Totten, the Rev. Mr. WILLIAM COLE, to Miss BETSEY TOTTEN, daughter of Mr. Gilbert Totten, all of that place.

Long may the sun of Wedlock shine,
And every charm grow MORE DIVINE.

On Sunday evening the 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. ALBERT O'BLEMIS, of Flatbush, to Miss LETTY CORTELYOU, of New-Utrecht.

At Claverack, the 4th inst. Mr. GEORGE PEARSON, of Albany, to Miss GITY HUCK, of that town.

On Thursday the 7th inst. at New Hackensack, by the Rev. Mr. Van Vranke, Mr. GARRET VAN DYNE, to Miss MARIA MONFOORT, both of that place.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, THOMAS LUDLOW OGDEN, Esq. to Miss HAMMOND, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. DUNCAN McDONALD, to Miss MARIA MOORE, both of this city.

At Brooklyn, (L. I.) on Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Low, JOHN FISHER, Esq. to Miss CORNELIA RAPALYE, daughter of Mr. Garret Rapalye, deceased.

On Wednesday, by the Rev. Dr. Kuntzie, Mr. HENRY MURK, to Miss MARIA SCOTT—both of this city.

Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. PATRICK STEWARD, to Miss RAE, both of this city.

On Thursday the 21st inst. Mr. JOHN SCHOONMAKER, to Miss CATHARINE VAN BEUREN, daughter of Dr. James Van Beuren both of Flatbush.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Beach, Mr. GERRAR, a gentleman from the West-Indies, to Miss HANNAH GRIGG, of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Van Nest, Mr. GEORGE ONDERDONK, to Miss SARAH RAPALJE, both of Cow-Neck.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Beach, Mr. RICHARD ELLIS, to Miss CATHARINE VAN TUYL, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, Mr. LAURENCE EGAN, to Miss CATHARINE MINEHAN.

At Livingston's Manor, a short time since, Mr. JOHN D. P. DOUW, of Albany, to Miss PEGGY LIVINGSTON, daughter of the late Peter R. Livingston, Esq. of the Manor.

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Important State Papers,

Containing the TREATIES existing between the United States and Foreign Powers.

BY order of the Hon. John Sloss Hobart, Esq. one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Judicature of the State of New-York. NOTICE is hereby given to all the Creditors of ELIPHALET SEAMAN, insolvent debtor, that they shew cause, if any they have, before the said John Sloss Hobart, Esq. at his chambers in the city of New-York, at the City Hall, on Tuesday the 8th of March, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the same day, why an assignment of the estate of said Eliphalet Seaman should not be made, and the said Eliphalet Seaman discharged, according to the directions of an act of the Legislature of the State of New-York, entitled, "An Act for giving relief in cases of Insolvency." Passed the 21st of March, 1788.—Dated 30th January, 1796.

ELIPHALET SEAMAN.

Nicholas Van Dyke, one of the petitioning Creditors.
January 30.

96--w

Court of Apollo.

THE CLOWN AND THE LAWYER.

HOB visited BRIEF, with a very long face, Put a piece in his palm, and then stated his case. Quoth the Lawyer—"As far as I yet understand, You are right as my nail, I declare by this hand: But doctors oft differ; for were you my brother. I can't answer, till that too be see'd, for the other. Then spreading his hand, like a churchwarden's plate, "Come, come, my good friend, don't stand scratching your pate! But wet t'other eye, like a soul, as you ought, Time's too precious for me thus to waste it for nought," Says HOB—"Here's the stuff! but, as I am a ninny, I'm handing thee, now, Master BRIEF, my last guinea; So I hopes as you'll give me the best of advice!"—"To be sure! to be sure!" cries BRIEF, "in a trice. Then, know, that those words which I last heard you say, Have driv'n all at first that I told you away. No matter what Cause, or what Lawyer, or Court, Gold! Gold! my friend HOB, is of all the support: With that, to each point of the compass we rove: Without it, the devil a limb of us move! Ev'ry hope that I had, with your money, is gone; Your cause is a bad one, and you are undone. To stand on you hav'n't, as we say, a leg; And no Lawyer, in Town, for you'll stir a peg." HOB look'd mighty sheepish, and mutter'd a curse, As he saw Lawyer BRIEF put the cash in his purse. "What you tells me," he cried, as he slowly withdrew, "I fears, Master BRIEF, may, for once, be too true: But if I durst tell thee a piece of my mind, Tho' I have been main foolish, I a'n't yet quite blind; And you limbs of the Law, I now fees very plain, Be all, as a body may say, rogues in grain! Yes, ecod! had I known half I now know before, I'd as soon enter'd hell, Master BRIEF, as your door; And I wish I may suffer, with you, hell's worst pain, If ever I visit a Lawyer again!"

THE NEWS-PAPER.

THIS folio of four pages, happy work! Which not even critics criticize, that holds Inquisitive attention while I read, Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair, Tho' eloquent themselves, yet fear to break, What is it but a map of busy life, Its fluctuations and its vast concerns? 'Tis pleasant thro' the loopholes of retreat To peep at such a world--To see the stir Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

A NECDOTE.

A CAPTAIN of a vessel, who professed himself a Quaker, being insulted by one of his crew, said friend, I will not strike thee, or kick thee; but, (holding a hadspike over his head) I will let this BILLET OF WOOD FALL ON THEE, and let the handspike fall on his head, which knocked him in the scuppers. Now friend, if thou art content, go unto thy duty, peradventure the billet falleth again.

R. LOYD respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to carry on the UPHOLSTERY and PAPER HANGING BUSINESS, in all its branches, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where he hopes for the continuance of their favors, which by a strict attention to business he will endeavor to deserve. One or two youths of reputable parents, are wanted as Apprentices. February. 14, 1795.

TRUNKS,

OF all sizes, from 3 feet to 1 foot four inches, made ready for coverings, at No. 25, Bancker-street, near the Jews-Burying-Ground, on as cheap terms as can be done in town or country. Jan. 23. 95--4t

The Moralift.

ON FLATTERY.

Ne'er let the parasitic tongue of flattery
O'ercome the plain, unvarish'd tale of truth.

IF we strictly examine into this vice, we must be convinced that the love of flattery arises from that blind conceit which grows up with us; though the root of this evil seems to be lodged in the insincerity of mankind. From infancy we are continually accosted with epithets of praise--"Indeed, you are a fine boy--or a lovely girl; and make charming progress in your learning;" though, perhaps, nature, in the first instance, has not betrayed any particular marks of favour, and, perhaps, supineness has appeared more conspicuous than diligence in the latter.

As we advance to riper years, if Providence has allotted us an elevated situation in the world, how are we pestered with this tinkling cymbal, and exalted in idea, by the fawning insinuations of artful visitants! We are endowed with accomplishments never acquired; have merit never obtained; and virtues never possessed.

Are not one half, nay, three parts of the compliments we receive, tinged with this fulsome vice?--Are you not compelled to praise that which you absolutely dislike; to admire that which you heartily abhor, and censure that which you cordially approve?

If this be flattery, happy is the man who has no claim to it. Plain dealing is an ornament indeed, but flattery is a pest to any nation.

Universal Red Ointment,

MADE and prepared by Mrs. M'CORMIC, who is the only proprietor of the original receipt. This Ointment is remarkable for its excellencies in all kinds of fresh wounds, bruises; scalds, burns, fore or gibb'd heels, and even for sore eyes, it being of so innocent a composition as to be used at all times of the year without any kind of danger.

The variety of cures that has been performed with this ointment, can be attested to by many of the most respectable inhabitants of this city.

It is recommended to all families, and particularly to masters of vessels, as it retains its virtues in all climates.

To be sold at this Printing Office, and No. 74, James-street, New-York.

N. B. This Ointment is in boxes at 4s.--3s and 2s each Great allowance will be made to those who purchase by the quantity. Jan. 9 93--tf.

To be Sold at Private Sale,

ANY time before the 1st of April next, a pleasant situated Farm, lying south side of Long Island, within two miles of Jamaica, and one mile from the landing, where there is good fishing and fowling--The said farm contains about one hundred acres, seven of which are woodland, and twelve meadow--There is on the premises a dwelling house and a good barn, a well of excellent water near the door, a good bearing orchard, containing about one hundred apple trees; also a number of peach, plum, pear, and cherry trees--Any person inclining to purchase, will please to apply to Charles Welling, living on the premises, or Charles Welling, junior, No. 95, Fair-street, where an indisputable title will be given, January 1, 1796.

Genteel Boarding and Lodging,

No. 89, Front-street,
Between the Coffee-House and Old-Slip.

S. LOYD, respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she continues to carry on the STAY MAN-TUA MAKING, and MILLINARY BUSINESS, as usual, at No. 30, Vesey-street, where she hopes for the continuance of those favors which it will be her constant endeavors to deserve. Feb. 14, 1795--17

SARAH LEACH,

Mantua Maker from London,

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of this City, and particularly her friends, that she has removed to No 29 Vanderwater-street, near the corner of Pearl-street, where she will thankfully receive any commands in the line of her business, and flatters herself that she will merit the future custom and approbation of her employers. Nov. 14, 1795. 85--tf.

Christopher Bennet, Tailor,

No. 4, Peck-slip,

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his friends for their past favors, and hopes for a continuance. He likewise informs the public that he carries on the above business in the neatest and most fashionable manner, and upon the most reasonable terms.--N. B. Gentlemen who wish to be furnished with articles in his line will please to give notice and they will be served. Also, a fine assortment of very handsome Vest Shapes and Clouded Cassimeres on hand, suitable to the season.

Aug. 8.

78 tf

JAMES WALKER

HAS removed his DRY GOODSTORE from No. 127, William-street, to No. 68, MAIDEN-LANE, being the third house from the south west corner of William-street, where he hopes for a continuance of the favors of his friends, which it will be his utmost ambition to merit.

To be sold and immediate possession given, that very convenient New House, No. 51, Chamber-street, replete with every convenience for a genteel family.

New-York, Jan. 16. 1796.

HARDWARE STORE.

THE largest assortment of White Chapel Needles, ever offered for sale in this city, some of which is a very extra good quality, for sale by, JEREMIAH HALLET, and Co. No. 171, Water-street, near Fly Market. Also,

1500 weight of Iron wire; 150 boxes Tin Plate; 1500 weight Sheet Copper; 6 ton of Sheet Lead; 2 ton of Bar Lead; 3 ton of Sheet iron, 1000 pair of Skates. With other Articles in the Hardware line, &c. &c. 87 tf

WHEREAS James Dickson and Elizabeth his wife, have lately died intestate, leaving certain personal estate in the hands of the subscriber: Notice is hereby given to any person or persons who were related to the said James Dickson, to call on the said subscriber and receive the same according to law. Apply to JOHN M'BRIDE, George-street, New-York, or to the subscriber. HAZLETON WALCH, N. York, Nov. 28. living at Saratoga, State of New-York.

Mrs. S. Sparhawk, Miliner,

TAKES this method to inform her friends and the public that she has received in some of the latest vessels from London, Dress and half dress caps, bonnets, hats, &c. straw wreaths and sprigs, feathers, beads, &c. Elegant rich silk gauze for dresses, some fashes, and a variety of ribbons, black lustring and satin, blue Coventry marking thread, a few London dolls, glove springs, sandals, pattens, &c. New-York, Dec. 19, 1795. 90 tf.

FIG BLUE,

Manufactured and Sold at No. 64, Nassau-street.